

WARREN
MAGAZINE



COMIX
INTERNATIONAL
#4

comix international™





OUR COVER

The ordinary meets the impossible in COMIX INTERNATIONAL #4! Eight terrifying scenes in full color by the world's finest artists. Terrifying! Cover design by Bill DuBay.

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comix international

ISSUE NO. FOUR CONTENTS 1976

THE BELIEVER The old fellow himself had passed away but Christmas had not died with him. No, sir! Not as long as Shiny Upatree was alive. Delivering presents. Sending good tidings. Slaying a villain or two!

A SURPRISE BONUS STORY The girl he loved was dead. Her innocence and beauty were gone forever. There was no way for him to bring her back. Yet, his loss was short. She would return all by herself!

THE THIN DIME OF PAIN The Thin man. Bat man. Human caterpillar. Freaks to be jeered at. Humiliated. Ridiculed once too often, they perpetrated a revenge more terrible than the horrors of their births.

CHILD When his wife had died, the old scientist was left alone. Childless. Creating life, however, was not beyond his abilities. Controlling it, was. His son had the rage of a child with the strength of a monster!

TELL-TALE HEART I loved the old man... I indeed, had no desire for his gold. But that eye! That vulture eye! It made my blood run cold. So, I murdered him. But why do I hear a thumping of his undead heart?

EXTERMINATOR ONE It's March, 2014. Society, in its perversity, had conceived an excellent method for population control. Robot eliminators. One, called Orwel, had a perfect plan. Perfect. Until it went awry!

A SURPRISE BONUS STORY On the surface it appeared to be calm. One could not have picked a finer place or time to die. Mother was dead but father still stalked in the shadows. And daddy was a demon!

THE MONSTER: VAMPIRELLA Conrad Van Helsing was gone. Pendragon, mortally wounded... dying. Adam Van Helsing in jail. Her friends had been ripped from her. VAMPI was injured, alone... hungry!



Now shall I tell you
the story?
Shall I begin with once
upon a time? For it *DID*
begin here...once upon
a time.



It began *HERE* at
the *TOP* of the world,
with a little man
who had *NOTHING*...

...NOTHING BUT A *MEMORY* OF WHAT
HAD BEEN *BEFORE*...



The BELIEVER

...AND A *BELIEF* THAT HE
MUST *NEVER* LET THAT
MEMORY *DIE*.



HYAAH-HYAAHH!
BLAST YE! UP NOW! UP
HEY! WE'VE *MANY* A MILE
ABOVE THE *DAWN* COMES.
MY LADS!
HYAAHH!

YES, PERHAPS, THIS *IS* HOW I
SHALL TELL THE TALE. ONCE
UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A
LONELY LITTLE MAN...WHO
KEPT CHRISTMAS *ALIVE*.

THERE HAD COME A **WONDERFUL** CHRISTMAS **SNOW** IN ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS, DECEMBER 24TH, 1903. CHRISTMAS IN **NEW ENGLAND** HAS ALWAYS BEEN **HERALDED** AS THE **TYPICAL** AMERICAN TIME FOR **CHEER...** FOR **JOY.**



SILENT NIGHT, HO-
LY NIGHT, ALL IS CALM, ALL IS
BRIGHT, ROUND YON VIRGIN,
NO-**TH**ER AND CHILD...

AND THE CHILDREN OF ATTLEBORO'S **RUN DOWN** WORKHOUSE **ORPHANAGE** WERE **TRYING** TO FIND A **LITTLE CHEER,** A **GLIMMER OF JOY...**



HO-**LY** INFANT SO
TENDER AND MILD. SLEEP
IN HEA-**VEN**-LY PE-**ACE.**
SLEEP IN HEA-**VEN**-LY PEACE.

...AND **FAILING.**



WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

MR.
IRVING!



WHAT IS
THIS?!



EXPLAIN!
QUICKLLLY!

SIR! PLEASE,
HEADMASTER, SIR...
IT-IT'S **CHRISTMAS,**
IF YOU PLEASE, AND--!



YOU'LL
ALL BE AT
YOUR LOOMS
WORKING BY
5 A.M. ... AS
USUAL. DAMN
YOU AND YOUR
FRIVOL-
ITIES!

STRANGE HOW A
SINGLE PERSON
WITH BUT THE **SNAP**
OF A **THWIG,** COULD
BREAK SO MANY
LITTLE HEARTS.









YES, I KNEW ABOUT YOU. I KNOW ABOUT ALL THE BELIEVERS.

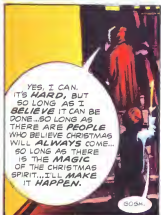
BELIEVERS?

ANY PERSON ANYWHERE WHO BELIEVES IN CHRISTMAS, OR SANTA CLAUS... I KNOW ABOUT.



Y'SEE, JOHN, I'M A BELIEVER MYSELF. AND I BELIEVED I COULDN'T LET THIS LOVELY SCENE DIE OUT. I BELIEVED I COULD KEEP IT ALIVE. I STILL BELIEVE I HAVE THE MAGIC TO DO IT!

YOU CAN DO IT! YOU CAN! LOOK AT WHAT YOU CAN DO!



YES, I CAN. IT'S HARD, BUT SO LONG AS I BELIEVE IT CAN BE DONE...SO LONG AS THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE CHRISTMAS WILL ALWAYS COME... SO LONG AS THERE IS THE MAGIC OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT...I'LL MAKE IT HAPPEN.

SOSH.



I SUPPOSE. JOHN, THAT CHRISTMAS MEANS DIFFERENT THINGS TO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

TO SOME, IT MEANS SANTA CLAUS. TO SOME, THE BIRTH OF CHRIST. TO OTHERS ... JUST ANOTHER DAY.

AND YOU, JOHN?



I GUESS... I GUESS I BELIEVE IN ...YOU!

THANK YOU, JOHN. I'VE NEVER HAD A CHRISTMAS PRESENT ANY NICER THAN THAT.

AND NOW...



...MY PRESENT TO THE GOOD HEADMASTER IRVING

W-WHAT?

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE IN SANTA'S MAGIC BAG.



MERRY CHRISTMAS, HEADMASTER! FROM THE CHILDREN AND ME!



YOU!
YOU OUGHT TO
BE **DEAD!**
YOU **KILLED**
CHRISTMAS!!



THE LITTLE LONELY ELF
WAS **GONE**. I HADN'T
EVEN TIME TO SAY
GOODBYE... OR TELL
HIM HOW MUCH HE
MEANT TO ME.

I FELT SO **HELPLESS**.
CHRISTMAS SIMPLY **DIED**
IN MY ARMS THAT LONG AGO
CHILL DECEMBER NIGHT.

MAYBE HIS MAGIC WAS IN
THOSE CURLY-TOED **ELFIN**
SHOES... OR IN HIS **HAT**.

OR MAYBE THE MAGIC
WAS UP AT THE
NORTH POLE... OR
MAYBE IT WAS JUST
IN CHRISTMAS ITSELF.

THEN I **KNEW!** IT WAS
ALMOST LIKE I **FELT**
HIS MAGIC **ENTER** MY
HEART. I **KNEW** WHAT
I HAD TO DO.

I ONLY REALLY
UNDERSTOOD **ONE**
THING... AND IT WAS
THE **SAME THING** THAT
SHINNY HIMSELF HAD
BELIEVED ALL THOSE
LONELY YEARS. **CHRIST-**
MAS MUST NOT DIE!



IT WAS THE **BUSIEST** NIGHT OF MY **LIFE**
THAT **FIRST** CHRISTMAS EVE. BUT I GOT
IT **DONE**. I KEPT GOING...FLYING THAT
ANCIENT SLEIGH IN BETWEEN THE
TICKS OF THE CLOCK UNTIL SANTA'S **SACK**
WAS AT LAST **EMPTY**.

THEN I TOOK SHINNY UPATREE HOME. AND I
MARKED HIS **GRAVE** WITH A CHRISTMAS **STAR**.

I'LL **NEVER** FORGET HIM OR WHAT HE SAID. "SO
LONG AS I **BELIEVE** IT CAN BE DONE. SO LONG
AS THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO **BELIEVE** CHRISTMAS
WILL **ALWAYS** COME. SO LONG AS THERE IS THE
MAGIC OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT... I'LL
MAKE IT HAPPEN." AND SO WILL I...

...**BELIEVE ME!**

SIR ROSCOE STRANG REPRESENTED THE MIGHT OF GREAT BRITAIN
IN THE NEW WORLD. HIS SON MURDOCK REPRESENTED ALL THAT WAS
GRUEL, VICIOUS AND DEPRAVED. TOGETHER THEY STOOD FOR...

THE POWER AND THE GORY!



THIS IS MORE
OF YOUR SON'S
DOING. YOUR
EXCELLENCY--A
WICKED DEED!
MRS. FLEESCH AND
YOUNG ALF RAWLINS
OWNED THESE
ANIMALS!

WICKED?
I'D LIKE TO SEW
THAT EVIL
ROGUE'S HEAD
ON A PIG!

IT'S ALREADY
ON A PIG,
MA'AM!

MURDOCK,
SON--PLEASE
COME OUT
HERE!

HALF-A-MO',
SON!

MURDOCK, YOU
ARE ACCUSED OF
HAVING PERPETRATED
THAT MONSTROUS
ACT!

WHAT'S
MONSTROUS
ABOUT A
SCIENTIFIC
EXPERIMENT
SIR?

THERE
CONSTABLE
FRANKLIN THERE'S
NOTHING WICKED
IN SCIENTIFIC
EXPERIMENTATION!

THEN YOU'LL
DO NOTHING TO
PUT A STOP TO
YOUR SON'S
ESCAPADES, SIR
ROSCOE?

CONSTABLE
YOU DARE TO TELL
A ROYAL GOVERNOR
HIS DUTIES?





THAT'S ALL
THAT HAPPENS,
WHEN
YOU KNOW HE
KILLED MY
DOG?

YOU HEARD
WHY HE DID IT.
NOW BE OFF
WITH YOU, BOY!

HAVE A
CARE I DON'T
EXPERIMENT
WITH *YOU*
NEXT!

I'LL GET
EVEN WITH HIM
SOME DAY... I
SWEAR I WILL!

LADY PHYLLIS STRANG, LIKE HER HUSBAND, COULD SEE NO
WRONG IN HER SON'S PSYCHOTIC BEHAVIOR...

THE GROWING RAGE AND MUTTERED THREATS OF THE
COLONISTS DID NOTHING TO CHANGE YOUNG MURDOCK
STRANG. HE GREW MORE DEGENERATE EACH DAY...



YOU
HEARD, MY
DEAR?

I LISTENED AT A
DOWNSTAIRS WINDOW.
MURDOCK, I DO WISH
YOU'D STAY AWAY FROM
THOSE GUTTER PEOPLE.
THEY TWIST AROUND
EVERYTHING YOU
DO!

I'LL GO WHERE
I WANT! I WON'T
HAVE THE SWINE
THINKING I'M
AFRAID OF THEM!

WELL, NOW I'VE
NEVER SEEN THAT ONE
BEFORE! NOT MUCH OF
A FACE, BUT A VERY
DESIRABLE BODY!



HOW
CARELESS
LEAVING A WINDOW
OPEN IN ONE ROOM
WHILE DRESSING
IN ANOTHER!

OR PERHAPS
THE WENCH IS
HOPING TO BE
SEEN!



STOP!
LET GO OF
ME!

BUT I
GOT YOUR
INVITATION...



THE PEOPLE'S FURY REACHED FEVER PITCH. MEN ARMED THEMSELVES AND STARTED TO MARCH ON THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, BUT CONSTABLE GEORGE FRANKLIN INTERCEPTED THEM...





SIR ROSCOE WON'T LET YOU WITHIN A HUNDRED FEET OF MURDOCK.

HIS REDCOATS WOULD KILL THE LOT OF YOU.

GEORGE, WE CAN'T LET STRANGERS GET AWAY! WITH MURDERING TAD WILLIS!

HEAR ME OUT! YOU START SHOOTING, AND SIR ROSCOE WILL TURN CANNON AGAINST YOU. THE SURVIVORS WOULD HANG.

MURDOCK WOULD ENJOY THAT! LET ME TALK TO THE GOVERNOR THIS ONE LAST TIME..!

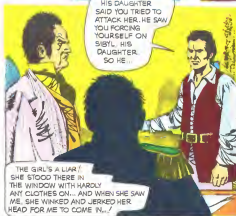
THEY KNEW THE CONSTABLE WAS RIGHT, RELUCTANTLY THEY STARTED BACK TO THEIR HOMES, WHILE FRANKLIN WENT AT ONCE TO THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION...

MY SON NEVER FIRED THE SHOT THAT KILLED WILLIS--IT WAS ONE OF MY TROOPS...



IT WAS THAT OLD FOOL'S LIFE OR MINE..!

HIS DAUGHTER SAID YOU TRIED TO ATTACK HER. HE SAW YOU FORCING YOURSELF ON SIBYL, HIS DAUGHTER. SO HE...



THE GIRL'S A LIAR! SHE STOOD THERE IN THE WINDOW WITH HARDLY ANY CLOTHES ON... AND WHEN SHE SAW ME, SHE WINKED AND JERKED HER HEAD FOR ME TO COME IN..!

YOUR EXCELLENCY, SIBYL WILLIS HAS BEEN BLIND SINCE BIRTH!

I MUST TELL YOU, SIR, THE PEOPLE ARE IN A BLACK MOOD. I STOPPED THEM FROM COMING HERE... ARMED!





I TOLD THEM
YOU'D DO SOMETHING
TO STOP MURDOCK.
THEY WON'T STAND
FOR ANY MORE...

HE'S
THREATENING
YOU, FATHER! HE'S
LIKE THE REST OF
THOSE WEAK-
MINDED
PEASANTS!

THERE WAS MUCH GROWLING
AND GRUMBING WHEN
FRANKLIN REPORTED THE
GOVERNOR'S PROMISE...



VERY WELL...NEXT
TIME *ANY* MALEFACTOR
COMMITTS SOME
OFFENSE, WE'LL BE
PUNISHED...

BUT *I* ALONE WILL
DECIDE WHAT THAT
PUNISHMENT WILL
BE!



SURE HE'LL DECIDE
ON THE PUNISHMENT. IF
ONE OF US DOES WRONG,
IT'LL MEAN THE GALLOWES...
AND HE'LL SLAP HIS SON'S
HAND FOR THE SAME
OFFENSE!

I THINK NOT.
I WARNED HIM
OF YOUR
MOOD!



ALL RIGHT,
CONSTABLE WE'LL
SEE. BUT ONE MORE
FOUL ACT BY MURDOCK
STRANG THAT GOES
UNPUNISHED WE'LL
STORM THE PALACE!

BUT MURDOCK, SEETHING WITH
HATRED FOR THE COLONISTS,
WOULD NOT BE STOPPED. HE
CARRIED ON IN A FRIGHTFUL
DISGUISE...

HE NEVER STRUCK TWO NIGHTS
IN A ROW OR NEAR THE SAME
PLACE...



UHHRR!
UHHRR!

HELP...
SOMEBODY HELP
ME... FOR GOD'S
SAKE!

N-NO...
PLEASE DON'T...
DON'T...

YAHAAHAAHAA!

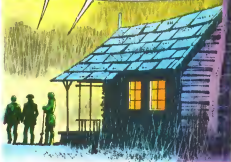
AGHHHH!

THE "MONSTER'S" CLUBBING VICTIM LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO DESCRIBE HIS ATTACKER...



THE MONSTER HASN'T SHOWN HIMSELF FOR A WEEK NOW!

I'M AFRAID WE WON'T SEE HIM AGAIN! IF IT WAS MURDOCK, HE'S TOO SLY TO TRY IT AGAIN. ANTHOW, HE'S HAD HIS REVENGE!



MURDOCK STRANG LET ANOTHER WEEK PASS BEFORE HE MADE HIS NEXT MOVE. ANNE FRANKLIN, THE CONSTABLE'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, VISITED WITH A FRIEND LATE ONE AFTERNOON...



AS ANNE FOLLOWED A PATH NEAR A WOOD...



THIS IS MY REVENGE...
REVENGE!





YAAAAA!

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE...MURDOCK STANG! MY TEETHMARKS IN YOUR HAND WILL BE MY PROOF!



YOU'LL NEVER TELL ANYBODY...!



THERE...
DIE!

IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE THEY FIND YOUR BODY, ANNE FRANKLIN...

KRAAAK!

CONSTABLE GEORGE FRANKLIN FELT A DEEP COLD DREAD OVER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS DAUGHTER...A FEAR SHARED BY THOSE WHO HELPED HIM SEARCH FOR HER, A FEAR CONFIRMED BY THE DISCOVERY OF TWO CLUES...



GEORGE...I'VE FOUND A BRASS BUTTON/YOUNG STRANG HAS A COAT WITH BUTTONS LIKE THIS!

THIS...IS A PIECE TORN FROM THE DRESS ...!CHOKE!'S ANNE WAS WEARING...!

THAT NIGHT CONSTABLE FRANKLIN LED THE LYNCH-HUNGRY MOB THAT MARCHED ON THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE...



...WE'VE ALL THE PROOF WE NEED THAT YOUR SON MURDERED MY ANNE. WHAT IS HIS PUNISHMENT TO BE, GOVERNOR?

PUNISH HIM, STRANG--OR WE'LL BURN DOWN THE PLACE WITH ALL OF YOU IN IT!



ARE YOU GOING TO BELIEVE THOSE SWINE...LET THEM BROWBEAT YOU INTO PUNISHING ME?

WOULD YOU PREFER BEING BURNED ALIVE? DON'T WORRY, I'LL GO EASY ON YOU, SON!

YOU WANT MY SON PUNISHED? VERY WELL, YOU WILL PUT HIM IN STOCKS FOR EIGHT HOURS, NO MORE!

YOU CALL THAT PUNISHMENT FOR WHAT HE DID? MAKE HIM TELL WHAT HE DID WITH ANNE FRANKLIN'S BODY!

CONSTABLE, SIR--I HAVE AN IDEA...

THE CONSTABLE LISTENED TO ALF ROLLINS. THEN HE SMILED SORROWFULLY.

SHE WAS MY DAUGHTER, I... I LOVED HER DEARLY, BUT WE'LL CARRY OUT THE PUNISHMENT SIR ROSCOE HAS ORDERED!

SIR ROSCOE GLOATED OVER HIS CLEVERNESS; HE HAD GIVEN THE COLONISTS THE JUSTICE THEY DEMANDED, WHILE PROTECTING HIS SON! BUT LATER...

WELL, WHERE IS MY SON? REMEMBER, EIGHT HOURS AT MOST.

MURDOCK IN IN THE STOCK, AS YOU ORDERED OVER THERE, YOU DON'T SAY WHERE THE STOCK WAS TO BE, SIR...

MY MURDOCK... AT THE BOTTOM OF THE POND? THAT'S COOLBLOODED MURDER! BRING HIM UP!

DO AS THE GOVERNOR ORDERS! HE'S PARDONING HIS SON!

HE'S JUST BEEN DOWN THERE A HALF HOUR, YOUR EXCELLENCY, NO HARM WILL COME TO HIM--AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T TRY TO BREATHE!

HURRY! GET HIM OUT OF THERE! FASTER! FASTER!

MUR... DOCK! GAAAGH...

WHAT GOD... THAT'S WHERE HE HID MY ANNE'S BODY!...

A LITTLE ADVICE FROM WAMP, GRUE-GOBBERS! LITTLE GOONS ANY TIME YOU THINK OF INVESTING IN STOCKS AND PONDS, JUST REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO MURDOCK AND ANNE.

GOLDNUT'S CARNIVAL OF WONDERS, A GEEDY BACKDROP OF MOIST SAWDUST AND MOLDING STAIN, DISGUISED BEHIND A GARGISH FACADE OF GAUDY GREASEPAINT AND SPECTACULAR **SHUCK!** THE REEKING **STENCH** OF ILU-KEPT ANIMALS IS WASHED AWAY IN A TORRENT OF COTTON CANDY AND CARAMEL APPLE SUGARCOATED DECEPTION!

THE RUBES SAWK, BLIND TO THE LUTTER **HORROR**, BEFORE THEM... WHILE THE RAUCOUS FAST-PITCH SPIEL OF A STRAW-HATTED BARKER, RISES ABOVE THE BABBLE OF CALLOUSE AND MORBID CURIOSITY.

A THIN DIME, LADEEZNGENLNN! ONE THIN DIME IS YOUR PASSPORT INTO A WORLD SO STRANGE AND MYSTIFYING THAT IT WILL BRAND ITSELF UPON YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

STEP RIGHT UP! RIGHT THIS WAY FOR A FASCINATING LOOK AT THE FANTASTIC!



THE FREAKS

GATHERED HERE ARE A PREVIEW OF THE GROTESQUE WONDERS HAUNTING WITHIN!

THERE'S **DRAMULO** THE **FLYING-MAN**! HE'S MARKED WITH THE VISAGE OF A PEARSONE **BAT**, WITH HIS LEATHERY **WINGS** AND **HOLLOW BONES**, HE CAN **GLIDE** FROM THE MOST DIZZYING OF HEIGHTS!

THERE'S **OSCAR** THE **THIN MAN**, GUARANTEED TO BE NOTHING BUT **SKIN** AND **BONES**, NOT A BIT OF **FAT** ANYWHERE ON HIS BODY!

SEE **SWEETPEA**, THE ASTOUNDING HUMAN **SLUG**... NATURE'S MOST PHENOMENAL **JOKER**! HIS HUMAN HEAD IS GRAFTED ONTO THE REPULSIVE BODY OF A BLOATED WORM!

GAPE AT **WEE WILLY**, THE **ROCK MAN**! HIS SKIN IS AS SOUD AS **GRANITE**... HIS ARMS AS STRONG AS **STEEL**.

FOR THE NOMINAL PITTANCE OF **TEN CENTS**, WATCH THEM **GLIDE**, **WRITHE**, **SQUIRM** AND **GYRATE** FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE!

A THIN DIME OF PAIN

STORY: DOUG MOENCH / ART: LEOPOLD SANCHEZ / COLOR: MICHELE BRAND





HAHAHAHAHA!
YOU'RE LUCKY,
WIGGLY! MOST
WORMS DON'T HAVE
HANDS TO WIPE
THEIR FACES!



IT'S ABOUT
TIME FOR A LOT
OF THINGS, PUNK!

THUD

UFFRRF--!



YOU DON'T KNOW
HOW GLAD I AM YOU
DID THAT!

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS
OF SUFFERING YOUR KIND'S
SNIDE ENIGGINGERS,
SOMEBODY'S FINALLY
BROUGHT IT INTO THE
OPEN... WHERE I CAN
DEAL WITH IT!

AND BUSTER, THAT SOMEBODY
IS YOU! WE'VE TAKEN YOUR
TAUNTS, YOUR JIBBS, YOUR
RIDICULE AND YOUR
BELLYLAUGHS UNTIL WE'VE
HAD IT... RIGHT UP TO
OUR DEFORMED EARS!



HYAHHAHA!
ABOUT TIME A
ROTTEN APPLE GOT
EVEN WITH A WORM!



BEFORE I WASTE YOU, CREEP...
BEFORE I SPATTER YOU ALL OVER
THIS SHABBY TENT... I WANNA TELL
YOU SOMETHING! YOU'RE THE
FREAKS... YOU AND EVERYONE
LIKE YOU! NOT US!

IT'S FREAKS LIKE YOU WHO KEEP
US FROM GETTING THE PATIENCE!
WHO'S GONNA HIRE US WHEN THE
REST OF THE WORKERS LL BE
TOO BUSY GAWKING AND
LAUGHING TO
WORK?





HOLD IT, FREAK!
ONE MORE STEP
AND I'LL SPILL YOUR
GUTS ALL OVER THE
SAWDUST!



NOW GET BACK TO YOUR
WAGON! BECAUSE OF THIS,
I'M CONFISCATING YOUR
WAGES FOR SIX MONTHS...
ALL OF YOUR WAGES!

REMEMBER
THAT THE NEXT TIME
YOU FEEL LIKE
ASSAULTING
DECENT PEOPLE!

YOU DIRTY,
STINKING--!

COME TO THE
WAGON, DRAMULO.
IT'S NOT WORTH
FACING A GUN.



YOU SURE
SHOWED THOSE
FREAKS, DAD.

JUST GOTTA KEEP
'EM IN THEIR
PLACE, SON!
DON'T EVER
FORGET THAT OR
YOU'LL NEVER BE
ABLE TO HANDLE
THEM AGAIN.

NOTHING IS SAID
FOR THE DURATION
OF THE GLOW WALK
FROM THE FREAK
TENT, THEN AS THE
HORIZON TOUCHES
THE SUN WITH
TWILIGHT... AND AS
THEY NEAR A
DIAPYCATED PAINT-
PEELED WAGON...
THE SILENCE IS
BROKEN.



OUR HOME, FELLOW FREAKS!
THE MOST RUN-DOWN WAGON
IN THE TROUPE.

STOP FEELING SORRY
FOR YOURSELF, DRAMULO.
WE'VE ALL LOST OUR
WAGES, REMEMBER?

WHICH NEATLY
CRUSHES OUR PLANS
FOR A COMMUNAL
RETIREMENT NEXT
YEAR. LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE DESTINED
TO BE CARNIVAL
FREAKS UNTIL
WE DIE!



DON'T KID YOURSELF,
SWEETPEA, FATSO KNOW
WE'VE BEEN POOLING
OUR MONEY / AND HE
KNOWS WE'LL JUST GET
BY FOR THE NEXT SIX
MONTHS ON WHAT WE'VE
GOT SAVED.

HE DOESN'T WANT US
TO QUIT THE CARNIVAL...
THE RUBES COME TO
GAWK AT US, NOT AT
THE TRAPEZE ARTISTS.



WITHOUT US,
HIS MISERABLE
LITTLE CARNIVAL
WOULD FOLD
FASTER THAN A
TENT.

AND HOW DOES
HE READY HIS
MAIN DRAWING
ATTRACTONS? HE
LUMPS US ALL
TOGETHER IN ONE
CRAMPED WAGON...
FEEDS US SLOP NOT
FIT FOR ANIMALS...
PAYS US IN PEANUTS...
...AND MALIGNS OUR
HUMANITY AT
EVERY DROP OF A
DIME!



AND ALL BECAUSE HE
KNOWS WE CAN'T GO
ANYWHERE ELSE UNTIL
WE ACCUMULATE ENOUGH
MONEY.

WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT
ABOUT ONE THING,
DRAMULO... THIS WAGON IS
OVERCROWDED... AND
SINCE THE BOSS STILL
HASN'T HAD THAT EXTRA
BED INSTALLED, I GUESS
IT'S MY TURN TO SLEEP
ON THE FLOOR.
AND BELIEVE ME, WHEN
YOU'VE GOT AS MANY
BONES STICKIN' OUT AS
I DO... IT'S NOT EXACTLY
COMFORTABLE.



TAKE MY BED
TONIGHT OSCAR!
I'M NOT IN THE
MOOD FOR
SLEEPING



INTO THE UNCARING NIGHT, OBSESSED WITH THOUGHTS OF *ONLY* CARE, STALKS A SAD, TIRED *MAN*...

...WHO WANTS *ONLY* TO BE RECOGNIZED AS A MAN...

...AND WHO, FOR LONG SOLITARY HOURS, ENGAGES IN A VERY *PRIVATE* ACT...AN ACT MANY WOULD PRONOUNCE *UNBESITTING* A MAN.



IT IS NOT TOO MUCH LATER WHEN A BLACKENED SILHOUETTE QUIETLY MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS THE WAGON OF SLEEPING *MISFITS*.



HE SAID IT WAS THE BED RIGHT BY THE *DOOR*...

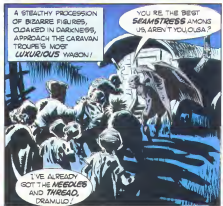


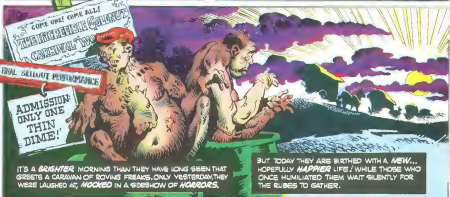
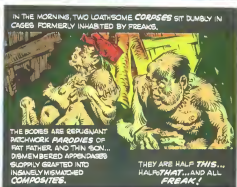
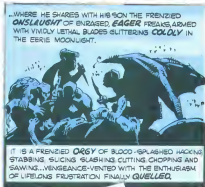
...THIS BED.

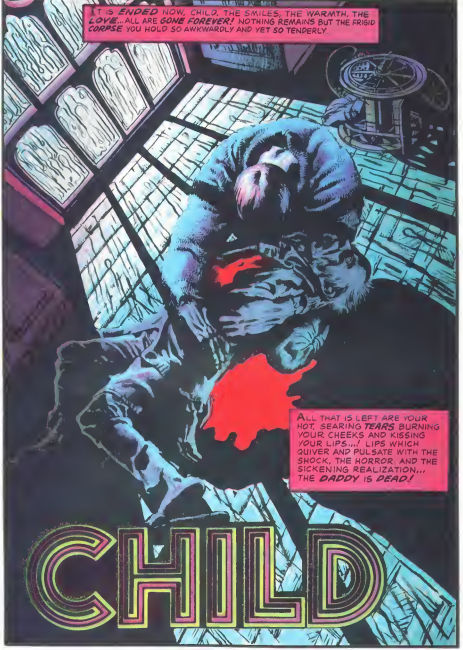
CHOK

AND WHEN TEARS HAVE BEEN DRIED
BY SIGHING NIGHT BREEZES...

...IT IS TIME TO RETURN
HOME.







IT IS ENDED NOW, CHILD, THE SMILES, THE WARMTH, THE LOVE...ALL ARE GONE FOREVER! NOTHING REMAINS BUT THE FRIGID CORPSE YOU HOLD SO AWKWARDLY AND YET SO TENDERLY.

ALL THAT IS LEFT ARE YOUR HOT, SEARING **TEARS** BURNING YOUR CHEEKS AND KISSING YOUR LIPS...! LIPS WHICH QUIVER AND PULSATE WITH THE SHOCK, THE HORROR, AND THE SICKENING REALIZATION... THE **DADDY** IS DEAD!

CHILD

YOU KNOW HOW IT **ENDS**, CHILD! BUT YOU NEVER DID KNOW HOW IT **BEGAN**. YOU WERE NOT THERE TO SEE THE SKIES DARKEN WITH **GLOOM**... TO FEEL **TEARS** DRIBBLE FROM THE CLOUDS... TO WATCH THE TERRIBLE **SORROW** ON YOUR FATHER'S FACE AS HE LAID HIS BELOVED **WIFE** TO REST...

YOU NEVER EVEN GAVE ME A CHILD. I WANTED A SON LIKE JERRY'S... BUT YOU **CHEATED** ME! IT'S NOT RIGHT ELLIE... SOB...

IT'S NOT FAIR, ELLIE! IT'S NOT FAIR THAT YOU DIED AND LEFT ME ALONE!

ONLY JEROME LIEDERMAN AND HIS SON WERE THERE TO SHARE YOUR DADDY'S **SORROW**! GOOD OLD JERRY, DADDY'S BEST FRIEND... AND HIS **LANDLORD**...

BARTON, YOU'VE GOT TO **FORGET** ELLIE... FORGET THE PAST! YOU'VE GOT YOUR WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF YOU...

YOU'RE A **BRILLIANT** SCIENTIST, BARTON, WITH A **PROMISING** FUTURE! LOSE YOURSELF IN YOUR **WORK**... TRY TO FORGET ELLIE! YOU CAN LIVE **RENT FREE** FOR AWHILE!

THAT'S IT, JERRY, I'LL **CREATE** THE SON ELLIE NEVER GAVE ME!

...AND THE FIRST PERSON TO **DOUBT** YOUR FATHER'S SANITY...

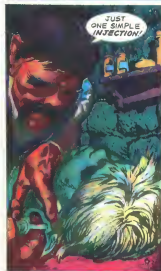
THAT WAS WHERE IT **STARTED**, CHILD. THAT WAS THE MOMENT OF YOUR **UNEARTHLY CONCEPTION**. THAT VERY SAME NIGHT YOUR FATHER PUT YOU **TOGETHER** FROM PIECES OF BIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS, **HALF ROTTEN** IN HIS LONG UNUSED LABORATORY ON BLUECHERRY HILL MANSION!

I SHALL HAVE A SON WHO WILL NEVER GROW **OLDER**... NEVER BECOME **MATURE**! ALWAYS... ALWAYS WILL HE WORSHIP HIS FATHER!

AND I WILL BE **PROUD** TO BE THE FATHER OF A BOY WITH THE **MUSCLES** OF A BULL. THE EYES OF AN **EAGLE**!

I'M GOING TO **HAVE** A SON, ELLIE! I'M GOING TO **HAVE** A SON!

STITCH BY STITCH, PIECE BY PUTRID PIECE THE WORK *PROCESSED* UNTIL THE *UGLY*, DISTORTED FRAME OF A *HUMANOID CHILD* LAY UPON THE WORKBENCH OF THE CRAZED SCIENTIST.



YOU SAW HIM...YOUR DADDY. YOU STRETCHED YOUR LOVING ARMS TO EMBRACE HIM. YOU ADVANCED. BUT YOU DIDN'T COMPREHEND THE LOOK OF HORROR WHICH SLOWLY DROPPED IT'S SHADOW ACROSS HIS FACE.

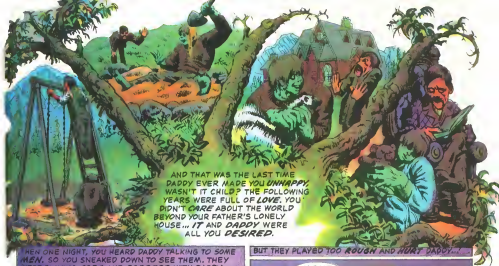


CONFUSION. DADDY RAN FROM YOU. DIDN'T DADDY LIKE YOU? DIDN'T DADDY LOVE HIS BOY?



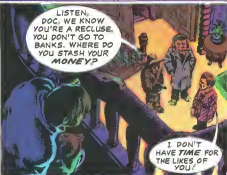
CERTAINLY DADDY LOVED HIS BOY! HE CREATED HIM. DIDN'T HE? DADDY'S JUST PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK. HAPPILY YOU LUMBERED OFF AFTER DADDY AND FOUND HIM! DADDY WASN'T VERY GOOD AT HIDING.





AND THAT WAS THE LAST TIME
DADDY EVER MADE YOU **UNHAPPY**.
WASN'T IT CHILD? THE FOLLOWING
YEARS WERE FULL OF **LOVE**. YOU
DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE WORLD
BEYOND YOUR FATHER'S LONELY
HOUSE... **IT** AND DADDY WERE
ALL YOU **DESIRED**.

THEN ONE NIGHT, YOU HEARD DADDY TALKING TO SOME
MEN, SO YOU SNEAKED DOWN TO SEE THEM. THEY
WERE PLAYING **COPS AND ROBBERS** WITH DADDY.



LISTEN,
DOC, WE KNOW
YOU'RE A RECLUSE.
YOU DON'T GO TO
BANKS. WHERE DO
YOU STASH YOUR
MONEY?

I DON'T
HAVE TIME FOR
THE LIKES OF
YOU

BUT THEY PLAYED TOO **ROUGH** AND **HURT** DADDY...



MAKE
TIME, OLD
MAN!

WHACK!

AND THAT **ANGERED** YOU! NO ONE COULD PICK ON YOUR DADDY!



W-WHAT
KIND OF
THING IS THAT?

YOU HAD TO TEACH THESE BAD MEN A **LESSON**, SO YOU
GRABBED HOLD OF THE ONE WHO HIT DADDY AND
ANGRILY **SQUEEZED** HIS THROAT...



...UNTIL THE FUNNY
LITTLE GURGLING NOISES
HE MADE HAD **CEASED**.
AND HIS FACE HAD
TURNED A **SOFT BLUE**.

Whine!

AND AS FOR THE OTHER BAD MAN...



AND THEN YOU SCURRIED UPSTAIRS BEFORE DADDY AWOK TO FIND YOU LIP PAST YOUR BEDTIME

YOU DIDN'T SEE DADDY AWAKE. YOU DIDN'T SEE THE LOOK OF HORROR ON HIS FACE WHEN HE SAW WHAT YOU HAD DONE

GOD! I'VE CREATED A MONSTER...! WHAT KIND OF BLOODTHIRSTY... BUT NO! CHILD IS THE SAME AS ANY OTHER KID.

HE'S NO DIFFERENT FROM THE LITTLE GIRL WHO THROWS SAND IN HER FRIEND'S EYES OR THE BOY WHO DESTROYS HIS BROTHER'S TOYS

CHILD IS JUST... STRONGER. THAT'S ALL. HIS MIND ISN'T READY TO CONTROL THE POWER HIS BODY AFFORDS HIM.

MORE YEARS PASSED, FUNNY THINGS WERE BEGINNING TO HAPPEN TO DADDY. HIS HAIR WAS GETTING LIGHTER AND ALL DAY LONG HE SAT IN A FUNNY METAL CHAIR WITH WHEELS! IF DADDY WAS CHANGING, WHY WASN'T CHILD?

AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG TIME, YOU WERE SAD BECAUSE DADDY BEGAN TO CRY, YOU COULD NOT SEE THE TEARS... BUT YOU KNEW OF HIS SORROW...



CHILD I'VE SOME SAD NEWS. MY GOOD FRIEND AND OUR OLD LANDLORD JERRY UEDERMAN PASSED AWAY LAST NIGHT. POOR JERRY, YOU REMEMBER ME TELLING YOU OF HIM...?



HE WAS A GOOD FRIEND, CHILD I LOVED HIM!



IT WAS UPON THAT VERY SAME DAY, AS YOU WERE PLAYING IN YOUR SAND-BOX, THAT DADDY HAD AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

HENRY!
HENRY LIEBER-
MAN! HOW YOU'VE
GROWN SO, BOY!
I HARDLY KNEW
YOU...

I'VE NO
TIME FOR
COURTESIES,
DR. CLERVEL.
IF YOU'LL JUST
ALLOW ME TO
SAY MY PIECE,
I'LL BE
GONE.

CERTAINLY,
HENRY, COME
IN!

THE VISIT WAS **HARDLY** A PLEASANT ONE.



...AND THIS PROSPECTOR TELLS ME THAT THERE IS A **FORTUNE** IN OIL UNDER THIS HOUSE!

I WANT THAT OIL **BADLY**, DR. CLERVEL, AS MY FATHER'S SUCCESSOR, I **DEMAND** YOU **LEAVE** HERE IMMEDIATELY!

HOLD ON, HENRY. ACCORDING TO JERRY'S WILL, SHOULD I COMPLETE THE LAST RENTAL PAYMENT DUE NEXT WEEK, THIS HOUSE BELONGS TO **ME!**




THEN I'LL **BUY** THE DAMN HOUSE FROM YOU, DOCTOR...!

NO HENRY. I **CANNOT** SELL THE HOUSE. SOMEONE WILL **NEED** IT WHEN I'M GONE.




THEN I'M **SORRY** TOO, OLD MAN!

ARGHHH!



YOU **HEARD** THE DEATH SCREAM, DIDN'T YOU, CHILD? WASN'T THAT WHY YOU SUDDENLY DROPPED YOUR TOYS AND CAME RUNNING INTO THE HOUSE... RUNNING INTO WHERE THERE HAD BEEN **LOVE** AND **LIFE**... TO WHERE THERE NOW LAY ONLY **COLDNESS** AND **DEATH**?



AND YOU **HELD** DADDY FOR A LONG WHILE IN YOUR ARMS, GENTLY **ROCKING** HIM... GENTLY WHIMPERING YOUR WORDLESS **PRAYER**.

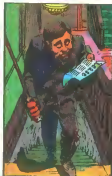
BUT IT DIDN'T **HELP!** DADDY WAS **DEAD**, CHILD. IT WAS A HARD CONCEPT TO GRASP, DADDY WAS **GONE!**

THE FIRST PANGS OF GRIEF
ARE NOT YET OVER WHEN YOU
HEAR THEM...THE FOOTSTEPS
ASCENDING THE STAIRS
FROM DADDY'S LABORATORY!

TENDERLY, YOU PLACE DADDY
BACK UPON THE UNCARING,
BLOOD-STAINED FLOOR.
QUIETLY YOU *HIDE*, LETTING
THE FOOTSTEPS GET CLOSER
AND *CLOSER!*



AND WITH EACH FOOTFALL
THE *HATE* WELLS UP IN-
SIDE YOU, YOUR BLOOD
BOILS AND YOUR FINGERS
ITCH FOR THE FEEL OF
FLESH. SUDDENLY, THE
MAN *APPEARS...*



... HE *SEES* YOU ...



OH MY
GOD!

AND YOU ARE UPON HIM!



Noooo!



IT IS ALMOST MORNING NOW. THE
SKY IS BLEEDING UPON THE HORIZON
AND THE NOCTURNAL CRICKETS ARE
OUTDONE BY THE SONGS OF THE
DAWN SPARROWS.



ONE LAST PRAYER, CHILD. ONE LAST
WHIMPER AT THE SANDBOX GRAVE.



ONE LAST LOOK, CHILD, AT THE
HOME YOU HAVE LOVED SO DEARLY...!



ONE LAST SOB, AND YOU ARE
OFF, PUSHING YOUR WAY PAST
THE SWING SET WHICH NOW
DISPLAYS A *GRISLY* NEW
ADDITION... THE GENTLY
SWAYING *BODY* OF
HENRY LIEDERMAN.

NOW IT *BEGINS* CHILD... YOUR
JOURNEY INTO A WORLD YOU
KNOW *NOTHING* ABOUT!

EDGAR
ALLAN
POE'S

TELL-TALE HEART



IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY HOW FIRST THE IDEA ENTERED MY BRAIN; BUT ONCE CONCEIVED, IT HAUNTED ME DAY AND NIGHT...



OBJECT THERE WAS NONE. PASSION THERE WAS NONE. I LOVED THE OLD MAN...



HE HAD NEVER WRONGED ME. HE HAD NEVER GIVEN ME INSULT. FOR HIS GOLD I HAD NO DESIRE...

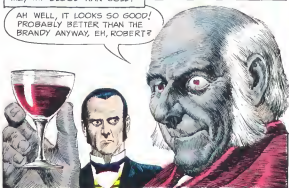


I THINK IT WAS HIS EYE! YES, IT WAS **THIS!**



ONE OF HIS HIS EYES RESEMBLED THAT OF A **VULTURE!** A PALE BLUE EYE WITH A FILM OVER IT. WHENEVER IT FELL ON ME, MY BLOOD RAN COLD!

AH WELL, IT LOOKS SO GOOD! PROBABLY BETTER THAN THE BRANDY ANYWAY, EH, ROBERT?



SO BY DEGREES, VERY GRADUALLY, I MADE UP MY MIND TO TAKE THE LIFE OF THE OLD MAN, AND THUS RID MYSELF OF THE EYE FOREVER!



YOU THINK I'M MAD, BUT NO
MADMAN COULD EVER HAVE
PROCEEDED WITH THE WISDOM
... THE CAUTION...THE FORESIGHT
THAT I DID THE WEEK BEFORE
I KILLED THE OLD MAN!

EACH NIGHT I-- OH, SO
GENTLY-- OPENED THE
DOOR TO HIS ROOM JUST
ENOUGH TO ADMIT MY
HEAD AND THE LANTERN,
SOMETIMES TAKING AN
HOUR TO DO SO... WOULD
A MADMAN HAVE BEEN
SO WISE AS THIS?

THEN-- OH, SO CAUTIOUSLY-- I
ALLOWED A THIN BEAM FROM THE
LANTERN TO FALL ON THE VULTURE
EYE... FOR SEVEN NIGHTS! BUT
ALWAYS IT WAS CLOSED AND SO
IMPOSSIBLE TO DO THE WORK.
FOR IT WAS NOT THE OLD MAN
WHO VEXED ME, BUT HIS EVIL EYE!



UPON THE EIGHTH NIGHT I WAS MORE THAN
USUALLY CAUTIOUS IN OPENING THE DOOR. A
WATCHES MINUTE HAND MOVES MORE SLOWLY
THAN DID ME. I HAD MY HEAD IN AND WAS
ABOUT TO OPEN THE LANTERN WHEN MY
THUMB SLIPPED ON THE FASTENING...

I KEPT STILL AND SAID NOTHING. HIS ROOM WAS
PITCH BLACK WITH THICK DARKNESS, I KNEW HE
COULD NOT SEE THE OPENING OF THE DOOR.
FOR AN HOUR I DID NOT MOVE, BUT NEITHER
WOULD HE LIE DOWN. THEN THERE CAME TO MY
EARS A LOW DULL QUICK SOUND...



I KNEW THAT SOUND! THE BEATING OF THE
OLD MAN'S HEART! BUILDING IN ME A
FURY AS THE BEATING OF A DRUM STI-
MULATES A SOLDIER INTO COURAGE...

THE HELLISH TATTOO OF THE HEART INCREASED. IT GREW
QUICKER AND LOUDER EVERY INSTANT... I OPENED A
VERY VERY LITTLE CREVICE IN THE LANTERN... A
SINGLE RAY LIKE THE THREAD OF A SPIDER SHOT OUT
FROM THE OPENING, FALLING FULL ON THE VULTURE
EYE! IT WAS OPEN-- **WIDE WIDE OPEN!**

SOMEONE'S THERE!
WHO ARE YOU?
SPEAK OUT!



THE OLD MAN'S TERROR MUST HAVE BEEN EXTREME! THE BEATING GREW LOUDER AND LOUDER! I THOUGHT THE HEART WOULD BURST! EVER QUICKER AND LOUDER! I FEARED A NEIGHBOR WOULD HEAR THE SOUND! THE OLD MAN'S HOUR HAD COME!

ENOUGH! STOP THAT SOUND! CLOSE THAT HIDEOUS EVIL VULTURE EYE!!

THA-BUMP!

THA-BUMP!
THA-BUMP!

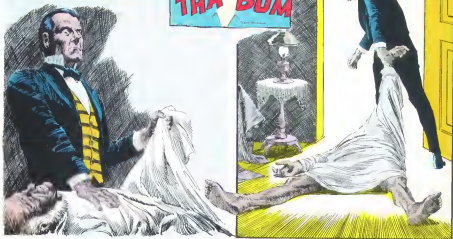
NO MORE! NO MORE NOISE! NO MORE EYE!

STOP IT! STOP THAT NOISE! STOP THAT BEATING!

THE BEATING HAD CEASED. THE OLD MAN WAS DEAD. I EXAMINED THE CORPSE. YES, HE WAS STONE DEAD. I PLACED MY HAND UPON THE HEART AND HELD IT THERE MANY MINUTES. THERE WAS NO PULSATION...

THA-BUM

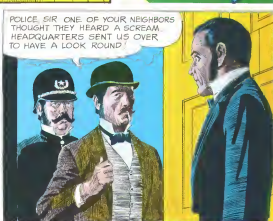
THE OLD MAN WAS STONE DEAD. HIS EYE WOULD TROUBLE ME NO MORE!



IF YOU STILL THINK ME MAD, YOU WILL THINK SO NO LONGER AFTER THE WISE PRECAUTIONS I TOOK FOR CONCEALMENT OF THE BODY. THE NIGHT WANED AND I WORKED HASTILY BUT IN SILENCE, DISMEMBERING THE CORPSE... HEAD, ARMS, LEGS... PIECE BY CAREFUL PIECE...



I TOOK UP THREE PLANKS FROM THE FLOORING AND DEPOSITED ALL BETWEEN THE SCANTLINGS. I THEN REPLACED THE BOARDS SO NO HUMAN EYE, NOT EVEN *HIS*, COULD HAVE DETECTED ANYTHING WRONG. NOTHING TO WASH OUT... NO STAIN... NO BLOOD-SPOT... THE TUB HAD CAUGHT ALL!



I FEAR I SCREAMED AT A NIGHTMARE! THE MASTER'S AWAY IN THE COUNTRY, I'M THE ONLY ONE IN THE HOUSE... BUT YOU'RE WELCOME--IN FACT, I *INSIST*--THAT YOU MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE PREMISES!

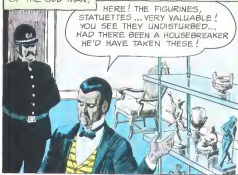


LOOK! PLEASE LOOK CLOSELY... SATISFY YOURSELVES! NOTHING OUT OF PLACE... NOTHING AMISS!



WHAT HAD I TO FEAR? THE OFFICERS WERE SATISFIED. MY MANNER CONVINCED THEM... WE CHATTED CHEERILY IN THE VERY ROOM... CHAIRS OVER THE VERY SPOT... BENEATH WHICH REPOSED THE CORPSE OF THE OLD MAN!

HERE! THE FIGURINES, STATUETTES... VERY VALUABLE! YOU SEE THEY UNDISTURBED... HAD THERE BEEN A HOUSEBREAKER HE'D HAVE TAKEN THESE!



SEE! SO DELICATE, SO BEAUTIFUL... OBSERVE THE FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP... THE DETAIL OF THE CARV--



THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

THUMP THUMP THUMP

D-DO YOU HEAR THAT? THAT SOUND?

SOUND, SIR? WHAT SOUND IS THAT?



THUMP THUMP THUMP

W-WHY RATHER A LOW QUICK SOUND... MUCH AS A WATCH WOULD MAKE WHEN ENVELOPED IN COTTON!

OH, NO, SIR. DON'T HEAR ANY SOUND LIKE THAT.



THA-BUMP! THA-BUMP! THA-BUMP! THA-BUMP!

YES... WELL... WHERE WAS I? OH!
THE STATUETTE... SEE HOW THE
CARVING IS SO DELICATELY...
UH... ER... THE CARVING IS
SO... SO...



**THUMP
THUMP
THA-BUMP**

SURELY, GENTLEMEN, YOU MUST NOW
HEAR IT... THE SOUND IS QUITE LOUD
... MAKES IT HARD TO THINK... TO
TALK... DON'T YOU HEAR IT?



THA-BUMP THA-BUMP THA-BUMP THA-BUMP!

SIR, I CAN'T HEAR
A THING. THERE IS
NO SOUND!

PERHAPS YOU'D
BEST SIT DOWN,
SIR, YOU DON'T
LOOK WELL.

YOU'RE LYING!
YOU MUST HEAR IT!
IT'S GETTING LOUDER!
AND LOUDER! AND
LOUDER! YOU MUST
HEAR!!!

YOU HEAR! YOU KNOW! SUSPECT!
STOP MOCKING ME! I KNOW
YOU HEAR!!



NO MORE! NO MORE! I ADMIT
THE DEED! TEAR UP THE PLANKS!

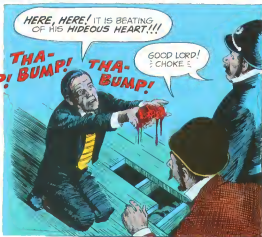
**THA-BUMP THA-BUMP
THA-BUMP THA-BUMP
THA-BUMP**



HERE, HERE! IT IS BEATING
OF HIS HIDEOUS HEART!!!

THA-BUMP! THA-BUMP! THA-BUMP!

GOOD LORD!
CHOKE!



YOU SEE? I'M NOT MAD. IT'S MY ACUTE SENSE OF HEARING! WHEN I THRUST MY HEAD THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE POLICE VAN, THEY CALLED IT MADNESS! IT WAS ONLY TO ESCAPE THE SOUND! THE BEATING OF THE OLD MAN'S HEART!

THAT'S RIGHT... JUST KEEP TALKING WHILE I REMOVE THOSE BANDAGES...



EVEN NOW I STILL HEAR IT, BUT I'M IN CONTROL! BEAT ON, HIDEOUS HEART, I IGNORE YOU! LOUD AS YOU BEAT, THE OLD MAN CAN'T COME BACK! I'M FREE OF HIS EVIL EYE FOREVER!

THAT'S THE LAST ONE. SOME OF THE SCARS NEED TIME TO HEAL BUT YOU'RE COMING ALONG NICELY! AMAZING LUCK WITH ALL THE GLASS WE HAD TO REMOVE!

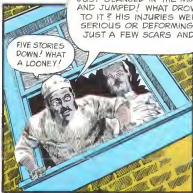


HAVE A LOOK IN THIS MIRROR OVER HERE... SEE WHAT A LUCKY MAN YOU ARE!



I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE JUST GLANCED IN THE MIRROR AND JUMPED! WHAT DROVE HIM TO IT? HIS INJURIES WEREN'T SERIOUS OR DEFORMING. JUST A FEW SCARS AND...

FIVE STORIES DOWN! WHAT A LOONEY!



... A TEMPORARY DISCOLORATION OF ONE EYE CAUSED BY GLASS PARTICLES!



!! "EXTERMINATOR ONE:

IT'S MARCH, 2014. THIS IS NEW YORK CITY, AND I'M PETER ORWELL...! AT LEAST I *USED* TO BE, BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT THREW AWAY MY *BODY* AND WRAPPED MY *BRAIN* IN A TIN CAN!

NOW, I'M A *MACHINE*, BUILT FOR ONE PURPOSE... TO *KILL!* MY SOLE FUNCTION IS TO ELIMINATE *IMPERFECT* HUMAN LIFE IN AN *OVERPOPULATED* SOCIETY.

TONIGHT, I DID MY JOB TOO WELL! THREE MEN WERE MURDERED... *SLAUGHTERED!*

I WAS ONLY *SUPPOSED* TO KILL *TWO* OF THEM!

IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT WHAT HAD BEGUN IN AN ANTISEPTIC COMPUTER HEADQUARTERS *TWO DAYS AGO* WOULD END WITH *ME*, THE HUNTER, BEING HUNTED BY THE *POLICE!*

HERE'S YOUR *SECOND* TEST, PETER...! YOU ARE TO ELIMINATE *TWO* MEN, WHO HAVE BECOME LEECHES ON THE SOCIETY.

"THE FIRST IS A *DOUBLE AMPUTEE* WHO GOES BY THE NAME *JANGLES*. HE LOST HIS ARMS IN THE *KOREAN SKIRMISH* OF '77."

"SINCE THEN, HE'S LIVED OFF A SMALL *MILITARY PENSION*,... AND *HANDOUTS!*"

AT THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH, HIS PENSION TRICKLES ACROSS THE *BAR* FOR CHEAP *BOOZE*. THE *REST* OF THE TIME HE'S A *SALDOON BEGGAR* DANCING FOR HIS *LIQUOR* OR FOR THE MEAGRE COINS THROWN TO HIM BY *BARFLIES*.

"HIS *ARMLESS HULLY GULLY* IS THE *BAR-ROOM FAVORITE*, NETS HIM ABOUT *TWO BUCKS* AND A *HALF DOZEN* DRINKS PER NIGHT..."

"YOUR *SECOND* TARGET IS *TURKS O'MALLEY*,... ONE OF THE *MOB'S LIGHTWEIGHT ENFORCERS!*"

"TURKS IS *HANDY* WITH HIS *FISTS*, WHEN HE ISN'T *BEATING* ON A *LOAN-SHARK'S* MARK, HE'S *KICKING CRAP* OUT OF SOME *SENIOR* CITIZEN FOR A *SOCIAL SECURITY* CHECK."

"THE *MOB* USES *TURKS* FOR ITS *SMALLER* JOBS. HE DOESN'T HAVE THE *INTEL* LIGENCE FOR ANYTHING *BIG*. HE IS, AS THE SAYING GOES... *NOT QUITE ALL THERE!*"

"YOU NEEDN'T BE REMINDED OF YOUR *MAIN PRIORITIES*, PETER."

"FIRST, YOU MUST ASSURE THAT *NO ONE* OUTSIDE THIS *BASE* LEARNS OF YOUR *EXISTENCE*."

"AND FINALLY... *NO INNOCENT* *BYSTANDER* MUST BE *HURT!*"

New York Post

NEW YORK CITY THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1999

MYSTERIOUS ASSASSIN KILLS 3 IN WATERFRONT BLOODBATH!

POLICE SEARCH FOR MADMAN!

The short, stocky ger-

a special jetliner with 13 other members of the other... I... I... I...

It also came after Argentina was said to have stand at a diplomatic reception... a... that he... I...

THE MISSION *BEGAN* A HELLAVA LOT DIFFERENTLY THAN MY *FIRST* OUTING. THE EXTERMINATOR FORCE GAVE ME NO SLEEK SPORTS CAR, NO FANCY EQUIPMENT TO THWART GUARDS AND SCALE WALLS. I WOULDN'T NEED IT, THEY SAID.

INSTEAD THEY THREW ME THE RAGS OF SOME DEAD WING WHO'D ENDED UP ON A MORGUE SLAB THAT *MORNING*...

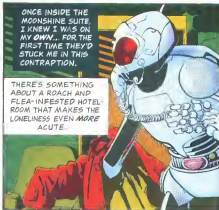
AND THEN SENT ME OFF INTO HIGHBALL ALLEY, NEW YORK'S HAVEN FOR THE DOWN-TRODDEN, THE FORGOTTEN, THE *SOUSED*!



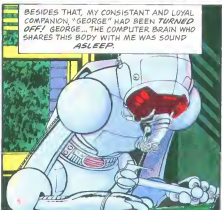
MY ACCOMMODATIONS HAD BEEN ARRANGED EARLIER BY A FLESH-AND-BLOOD GOVERNMENT FLUNKY. MY BOSS FIGURED A *METAL-MAN* WOULD PLAY HELL GETTING A ROOM... EVEN IN THE LOCAL HEARTBREAK HILTON.

ONCE INSIDE THE MOONSHINE SUITE, I KNEW I WAS ON MY *OWN*... FOR THE FIRST TIME THEY'D STUCK ME IN THIS CONTRAPTION.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A ROACH AND FLEA-INFESTED HOTEL ROOM THAT MAKES THE LONELINESS EVEN *MORE* ACUTE.

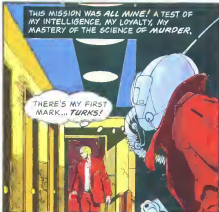


BESIDES THAT, MY CONSISTANT AND LOYAL COMPANION, "GEORGE" HAD BEEN *TURNED OFF*! GEORGE... THE COMPUTER BRAIN WHO SHARES THIS BODY WITH ME WAS SOUND *ASLEEP*.



THIS MISSION WAS *ALL MINE*! A TEST OF MY INTELLIGENCE, MY LOYALTY, MY MASTERY OF THE SCIENCE OF MURDER.

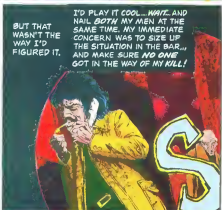
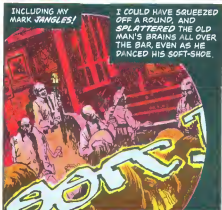
THERE'S MY FIRST MARK... *TURKS*!



I'D PLANNED THE WHOLE OPERATION! EVEN DOWN TO USING *TURKS' ROOM* FOR THE JOB... AND PINNING *JANGLES'* MURDER ON HIM!

WHILE NO ONE'S LOOKING, I CAN SNEAK INTO HIS *ROOM*.





WHILE TANGLES AND HIS NEWFOUND BUDDY SWAPPED SMALLTALK, **TURKS** BARGED INTO THE SALOON, LOOKING THE PART OF THE HARDENED GUNFIGHTER IN A CHEAPEE WESTERN POLYFLICK.

I HAD ME A JOB ONCE, MIST' SLAUGHTER. I USED TA BE A WATCH-MAKER. NIBBLEST FINGERS YA'D EVER SEED.

TURKS WAS IN A MEAN MOOD...AND TRUE TO FORM, HE TOOK IT OUT ON THE **WEAKEST** MAN IN THE PLACE...!

OOOF!

WHAT'S THE **IDEA**, PAL? Y' TRYIN' TO **TRIP** ME?

S-SORRY, MISTA'... DIN' **MEAN** NOTHIN' BY IT!

SEE IT DON'T HAPPEN **AGAIN**, GRAMPS... IF YOU DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOUR **LEGS** NEXT!

YOU OKAY, OLD MAN? LET ME HELP YOU UP!

I'LL BE MORE **CAREFUL** NEXT TIME, MISTA'!

I-I DIN' **MEAN** TA **TRIP** TH' FO' GEN'L'MAN, MIST' SLAUGHTER.

YOU DIDN'T **TRIP** HIM, OLD MAN... THE GUY BARGED INTO **YOU**... LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

AND HE JUST MIGHT **GET** WHAT HE'S **LOOKING** FOR!

YOU GOT A **JOB** FOR ME, GAMBINO? I BEEN LAYIN' **LOW** **TOO** LONG! I NEED SOME **ACTION**!

I TOLD YOU I'D BE IN **TOUCH** WITH **YOU** IF I NEEDED ANYTHING, O'MALLEY!

Y'KNOW, MIST. SLAUGHTER, YER THE **BEST** FRIEND I EVAH HAD! YER TREAT ME LIKE AH'M **SOMEBODY**!

YOU **ARE** **SOMEBODY**, OLD MAN... DON'T SEE YOURSELF ANY OTHER WAY!

BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT MADE THIS **NASH RAMBLER** FOR MY BODY TO RIDE AROUND IN, I REMEMBERED READING ABOUT **LUCIO GAMBINO** IN THE PAPERS.



HIS DADDY ONCE RULED AN ENTIRE CRIME **EMPIRE**. SONNY HERE, NEVER HAD HIS FATHER'S EXPER-TISE... SO HE WAS EASED INTO THE **SMALLTIME** RACKETS.

WORD HAD IT THAT HE WAS **UNHAPPY** WITH HIS POSITION THOUGH... AND WAS TRYING TO MOVE **UP** IN THE MOB.

WHATEVER GAMBINO HAD SAID TO **TURKS** HAD MADE **HIM** **UNHAPPY**, TOO. AGAIN HE STUMBLED INTO JANGLES, **BULLYING** THE OLD MAN!



AND I'M TELLING YOU, MIGHTY MOUTH... IF I EVER CATCH YOU NEAR THAT OLD MAN AGAIN, I'LL RIP **YOUR** ARMS OFF... AND SHOVE THEM UP YOUR **RECTUM**!



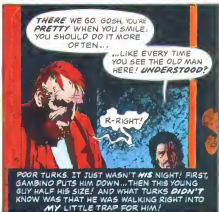
NOW I SUGGEST YOU APOLOGIZE TO THE OLD MAN, AND HELP HIM TO HIS FEET... THAT IS, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO LOSE A FEW **MORE** TEETH!



I- I'M **SORRY** GRAMPS... G-GUESS IT WAS MY **FAULT** AFTER A-ALL!



THERE WE GO. GOSH, YOU'RE **PRETTY** WHEN YOU **SMILE**. YOU SHOULD DO IT MORE OFTEN...



POOR **TURKS**. IT JUST WASN'T **MIS** NIGHT! FIRST, GAMBINO PUTS HIM DOWN... THEN THIS YOUNG GUY HALF HIS SIZE! AND WHAT **TURKS** **DIDN'T** KNOW WAS THAT HE WAS WALKING RIGHT INTO **MY** LITTLE TRAP FOR HIM!

I KNEW I HAD A LITTLE UNDER **THREE MINUTES** BEFORE TURKS MADE HIS WAY ACROSS THE STREET AND INTO HIS ROOM!

I HAD **PLENTY** OF TIME TO GET READY FOR HIM... SO I KEPT MY SIGHTS ON JANGLES AND HIS BUDDY IN THE BAR!

Y-YOUSE HANDLES YOSESELF PRETTY **WELL** GAINST THAT BIG GUY, MIST' SLAUGHTER!

LIKE I SAID, OLD MAN...IT'S MY JOB TO GET RID OF **PESTS!**

I'D LIKE TO HAVE **EXTERMINATED** HIM FOR YOU... **PERMANENTLY!** BUT THERE WERE TOO MANY PEOPLE **WATCHING!**

SPEAKING OF WHICH... I GOT A **JOB** TO DO... RIGHT **UPSTAIRS!**

SEE YOU A LITTLE **LATER** OLD MAN!

BEING AS SLICK AS I AM, I COULD PRETTY MUCH **FIGURE OUT** WHAT JANGLES' BUDDY SLAUGHTER WAS THINKING ABOUT!

IT WAS **OBVIOUS!** HE WAS A **HIT MAN...** LIKE MYSELF! ONLY **HIS** TARGET WAS **MORE 'N** LIKELY **GAMBINO...** BOUGHT AND PAID FOR BY SOMEONE HIGH UP IN THE **MOB!**

I SHOULD'VE **STOPPED** HIM... BUT I WAS **RUNNING OUT OF TIME!** I HEARD TURKS JUST OUTSIDE HIS **DOOR.**

AND I KNEW **THIS MOTHER** WAS MY **MAIN CONCERN!**

HE ENTERED HIS ROOM, SUSPECTING **NOTHING!** I **SMASHED** INTO HIM WITH ALL THE **STRENGTH** IN MY **METAL BODY!**

TURKS MUST'A THOUGHT HE WAS BEING JUMPED BY THE BIGGEST DAMNED **COCKROACH** HE'D EVER SEEN!

I WAS **ENJOYING** IT **TOO MUCH** MAYBE! IT WAS **FUN** BULLYING THE BULLY!

I'D LIKE TO HAVE **RIPPED** HIS **SCALP** OUT GETTING HIM **SET UP** RIGHT!

TURKS WASN'T ALL **THERE** UPSTAIRS. BUT HE COULD **FIGURE** WHAT WAS GOING ON. HE COULD **SEE** HE WAS BEING **FRAMED!**

HIS FEAR-FILLED EYES **BUGGED** OUT. NOT KNOWING **WHAT** TO MAKE OF **ME!** AND I WAS ENJOYING **HELL** OUT OF IT!

I WAS CONCENTRATING ON MY HIT... JANGLES!
SO I DIDN'T SEE WHAT WAS GOING ON JUST
ABOVE THE BAR... IN GAMBINO'S OFFICE!

L-LOOK, SLAUGHTER...
MONEY! IT'S YOURS!
JUST LET ME GO!

D-DON'T ICE
ME! I'LL
DISAPPEAR...
THE MOB
WON'T HAVE
TO KNOW!

I HAD IT TIMED TO THE SECOND. THE
POLICE WERE JUST MAKING THEIR
ROUNDS... RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!

I KNEW THEY'D HEAR THE SHOT WHEN
I BLEW AWAY OLD JANGLES!

BUT I NEVER FIGURED ON SLAUGHTER
HEARING IT! HE MUST'VE FIGURED
SOMEONE WAS SHOOTING AT HIM!

HE SPUN AROUND...
AND BLASTED PAST
GAMBINO. RIGHT
AT ME!

ONE SHOT
RIPPED MY
ARM OFF!

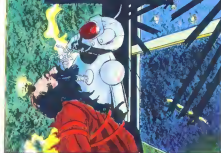
THEN HE WHIRLED ON GAMBINO...
AND EMPTIED HIS WEAPON!

OUTSIDE, THE POLICE SAW JUST WHAT I
FIGURED THEY'D SEE... TURKS! THEY
PLUGGED THE HELPLESS GUY OVER
AND OVER!

TURKS **SAW** IT COMING... BUT COULDN'T DO A DAMN THING TO AVOID THE BULLETS!

MY PLAN WAS **FLAWLESS**.

HE COULDN'T EVEN **SCREAM**.



JANGLES WAS DEAD...



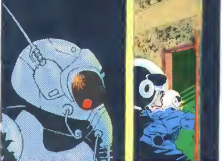
TURKS WAS DEAD...

AND THERE WERE PLENTY OF **WITNESSES** IN THE BAR WHO WOULD **SWEAR** THAT TURKS MURDERED THE ARMLESS OLD MAN BECAUSE OF WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN THEM THAT NIGHT.

ALL I HAD LEFT TO DO WAS **UNTIE** TURKS, LEAVE THE MURDER WEAPON...



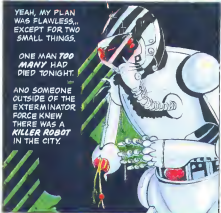
...AND BEAT IT BACK TO MY OWN ROOM BEFORE THE **POLICE** REACHED TURKS' DEAD BODY.



YEAH, MY PLAN WAS **FLAWLESS**... EXCEPT FOR TWO SMALL THINGS.

ONE MAN **TOO MANY** HAD DIED TONIGHT.

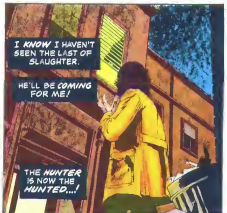
AND SOMEONE OUTSIDE OF THE EXTERMINATOR FORCE KNEW THERE WAS A **KILLER ROBOT** IN THE CITY.



I **KNOW** I HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF **SLAUGHTER**.

HE'LL BE **COMING** FOR ME!

THE **HUNTER** IS NOW THE **HUNTED**...!



Hunter



KILLING MACHINES... THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED THEM... THE WEAPONS OF DESTRUCTION ON A DYING WORLD!

AND ALL FOUR PLAYED AN INTEGRAL ROLE IN THE FINAL STRUGGLE... THE FINAL LEGEND TO EMERGE IN THE WANING DAYS OF MANKIND...

THREE WERE HUMAN... ONE WAS MACHINE! BUT ALL FOUR WERE DEADLY, AND THE LAST OF THEIR KIND!

NUMBER ONE WAS A HUMAN. HIS NAME WAS **SCHRECK!** IN HIS DAY HE HAD SEEN HALF THE HUMAN POPULATION ON EARTH DESTROYED, AND FIFTY PERCENT OF THE SURVIVORS TURNED INTO **MUTATED DEMONS!**

NUMBER TWO WAS HALF HUMAN! HIS NAME WAS **HUNTER!** HIS FATHER WAS A MUTANT... A GENERAL IN THE DEMON FORCES. HIS MOTHER AN INNOCENT FLOWER. PLUCKED AND DESTROYED BY DEMON IDEOLOGY!

NUMBER THREE WAS A CHILD! HER NAME WAS ELIZABETH. SHE WAS A **KILLER!** HER PARENTS HAD BEEN SLAUGHTERED BY THE LAST REMAINING MUTANTS. NOW SHE WAS DESTROYING THE DEMON MUTANTS.

AND NUMBER FOUR WAS THE MACHINE... A DEADLY **D-BOMB**... THE DOOMSDAY WEAPON. IT WAS ONE OF THE THREE BUILT FOR THE DEMON-MANKIND WARS... ONE OF THE THREE MEANT TO DESTROY ONE-THIRD OF THE WORLD. SHOULD THE DEMONS HAVE WON THAT WAR!



THAT **DOES** IT
OLD MAN! SHE'S
ACTIVATED AND
TICKING AWAY!

SIXTY MINUTES
FROM NOW, THERE
WON'T BE A **DEMON**
LEFT ALIVE ON THIS
PART OF THE **GLOBE**!

BOY THIS
PART OF
THE **GLOBE**
WON'T EVEN
EXIST!

TICK! TICK! TICK!

YOU SOUND
LIKE YOU
DISAPPROVE,
SCHRECK!

QUITE THE
CONTRARY,
LAD! IF
THIS IS THE
ONLY WAY TO
RID THIS OLD
BALL OF
THEM
COCK-
ROACHES,
I'M ALL
FOR IT!

IT'S ABOUT
TIME **MAN**
STARTED
CALLING
THE SHOTS
AGAIN!

EVEN IF PEOPLE
LIKE YOU AND ME
AND THAT LITTLE
PRINCESS DOWN
THERE, HAVE TO
DIE **WITH** THOSE
KILL-CRAZED
MUTATIONS!

58 MIN. 2 SEC.

I ONLY REGRET
I COULDN'T TAKE
OPPHAL OUT
PERSONALLY!

YOU WANT OLD
OPPHAL, THE
DEMON GENERAL?

I KNOW WHERE
HE IS, HUNTER!

I SPENT
MY **LIFE**
HUNTING HIM
DOWN...

I CAN SHOW
YOU HOW TO
SNEAK UP
ON HIM!

...PLANNING
MY
REVENGE!

57 MIN. 42 SEC.

YOU'RE
DYING,
HUNTER!

NOW LISTEN, BOY...!
YOU'RE IN **NO**
CONDITION TO
TANGLE WITH HIM!

THAT DEMON
CUT YOU UP...
THERE'S **POISON**
IN YOUR WOUND!

57 MIN. 17 SEC.

WHICH IS
MY BEST
REASON
FOR TAKING
HIM ON...

...IT'LL BE
MY **LAST**
CHANCE
AT HIM!

56 MIN. 3 SEC.

WHAT'S THE **WORST**
HE CAN DO...?
KILL ME?

OLD MAN, IN LESS
THAN AN **HOURL**
WE'LL ALL BE
GONE ANYWAY...

Y'KNOW, BOY,
YOU HAVE A
WAY OF
MAKING EVEN
DEATH SEEM
LOGICAL!

BESIDES, IF **THAT**
LITTLE THING CAN KILL
HALF THIS DEMON ARMY
HERSELF... I OUGHT TO
BE ABLE TO FACE ONE
OLD **HAS-BEEN!**

...THAT
D-BOMB'S
GONNA
SPLATTER
US ACROSS
THE STARS!

53 MIN. 49 SEC

I THINK
I'LL TAKE OUT
A FEW LAST
DEMONS,
MYSELF!

COME ON,
GIRL... **SHOW**
US WHERE
THAT DAMNED
DEMON
GENERAL
IS...!

...THIS IS A
BIG
CASTLE, AND
WITHOUT YOU
WE'D LOSE
OUR WAY,
SURE!

36 MIN. 16 SEC

HERE! THESE
ARE OPFAL'S
CHAMBERS! I-IT
USED TO BE MY
MOMMY AND
D-DADDY'S ROOM!

...BEFORE
HE HAD THEM
KILLED!

34 MIN. 58 SEC

...WHICH IS
FAR **MORE**
THAN OPFAL
SHALL
EMBRACE
IN DEATH!

I'VE SPENT A
LIFETIME **HUNTING**
HIM DOWN LIKE
A **DOG**...

...NOW
HE'LL **DIE**
LIKE ONE!

35 MIN. 46 SEC

OPFAL
MURDERED
SOMEONE I
LOVED, TOO
LITTLE
PRINCESS...

...BUT IN
A FAR
DIFFERENT
FAR MORE
HUMILIATING
WAY THAN
YOUR PARENTS
DIED!

YOUR
MOTHER AND
FATHER DIED
KNOWING YOU
WERE SAFELY
HIDDEN FROM
THE DEMONS
WHO INVADED
THEIR CASTLE!

THEY DIED
LIKE **HUMANS**...
WITH
DIGNITY...!

34 MIN. 02 SEC

IT'S ABOUT **TIME**
YOU CAME IN,
DEMON HUNTER!

IF YOU **FIGHT** AS
WELL OR AS MUCH AS
YOU **TALK**, I MIGHT
GENUINELY BE IN
DANGER!

OPFAL?
Y-YOU
HEARD
US?

35 MIN. 18 SEC

I WOULD HAVE BEEN
DEAD LONG AGO, IF I
COULDN'T HEAR CLOWNS
JESTING...

NOW... WHICH
OF YOU INTENDS
TO **KILL** ME?

I, DEMON!

SO YOU'VE SPENT A
LIFETIME **HUNTING**
ME DOWN, BOY?

WHY? WHAT AM I TO
YOU THAT I WARRANT
SUCH **DEDICATION**?

BACK
OFF,
SCHRECK!
LEAVE ME
ALONE
WITH
HIM!

32 MIN. 30 SEC

YOU... Y-YOU'RE
MY... **FATHER**...!

32 MIN. 58 SEC.

SCHRECK! YOU CAN'T LEAVE THEM IN THERE **ALONE!** HUNTER'S WOUNDED... **DYING!**

THE BOY IS DOING WHAT HE **MUST** PRINCESS!

YOU AND I WOULDN'T BE MUCH HELP TO HIM! AN **OLD MAN** ... A CHILD...?

...IF ONLY I HAD MY **WRIST-CUP...** MY **BANDOLIER OF WEAPONS!**

30 MIN. 22 SEC.

I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, **SCHRECK!**

I SAW THE DEMONS **HIDE THEM...** IN **HERE!**

WELL I'LL BE--

27 MIN. 57 SEC.

ISN'T THERE **ANYTHING** YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS CASTLE, LITTLE PRINCESS?

NO, I GUESS NOT... OR THE DEMONS WOULD HAVE CAPTURED YOU **LONG AGO...**!

THIS IS WHERE THEY HIDE MOMMY AND DADDY'S WEAPONS... YOUR **UNIFORM...** HUNTER'S **HELMET** AND **STAFF!**

27 MIN. 06 SEC.

IT'LL FEEL GOOD GETTING INTO **DECENT CLOTHES** AGAIN!

HERE'S YOUR ARMS-BELT, **SCHRECK!**

26 MIN. 48 SEC.

GOOD! LET ME GET THIS PEACH FUZZ OFF MY FACE!

...THEN I'LL **SUIT UP!**

23 MIN. 38 SEC.

SEE IF YOU CAN FIND MY **CROSSBOW** PRINCESS!

IT'S MY FAVORITE DEMON KILLER!

20 MIN. 12 SEC.

AH! A SHAVE, HAIRCUT, AND MY **WRIST-CUP...**

IT'S LIKE GIVING AN IMPOTENT OLD CODGER A SHOT OF **VITAMIN E!**

LET ME HAVE HUNTER'S **HELMET,** CHILD!

15 MIN. 10 SEC.

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT BOY **SEES** IN THIS EGGSHELL!

...MUST THINK HE'S CAPTAIN VIDEO!

BUT AS LONG AS THIS HELMET HIDES MY **CANTELOPE** AND **COTTON BALL** HEAD, I MIGHT ACTUALLY BLUFF A FEW DEMONS INTO BELIEVING I'M **FIERCE!**

COME ON, GIRL! LET'S GO FIND US SOME **GREASEBALL MUTANTS!**

14 MIN. 26 SEC.

WHO ARE YOU
TO DARE CALL
ME FATHER?

I WOULD NEVER
CONCEDE YOU
THAT HONOR,
DEMON!

BUT YOU
SIRED ME,
ALRIGHT! YOU
RAPED MY
MOTHER!

...AND YOU
CURSED ME...
CONTAMINATED
ME WITH YOUR
TWISTED
MUTATION!

YOU'VE MADE ME
A HALF-BREED
AN OUTCAST BY
BOTH MAN AND
DEMONS!

THERE MUST
BE HUNDREDS
LIKE YOU...
WALLOWING
IN THEIR
HALF-BREED
MISERY...

IT'S TOO BAD
THAT HUMAN
WOMEN ARE SO
BEAUTIFUL...

...THEY PRODUCE
WEAK CHILDREN...
CHILDREN WITH
HUMAN EMOTIONS!

...WISHING
FOR ME
TO DIE!

10 MIN. 37 SEC.

DEMONS ARE INCAPABLE
OF SELF-PITY! WE FEEL NO
EMOTIONS... SO WE HAVE NO
WEAKNESSES!

IF YOU WERE
TRULY MY SON,
YOU WOULD BE
HARD... LIKE A
DEMON!

BUT YOU'RE
NOT! YOU'RE
ONLY HALF
A MAN!

YES, I AM HALF A MAN!
BUT YOU, OPHAL, WITH THAT
MISSING ARM, ARE ONLY
HALF A DEMON!

13 MIN. 52 SEC.

SO YOU'VE PITIED
YOURSELF ALL
THESE YEARS...
LUSTED FOR
VENGEANCE
BY MY DEATH!

HAN!
DO YOU THINK
YOU'RE THE ONLY
HALF-BREED I'VE
EVER SIRED!

9 MIN. 12 SEC.

DID A
WOMAN
BITE IT
OFF? THEY
SEEM TO
BE YOUR
ONLY
PREY!

AND YES, THERE ARE
OTHER HALF-BREEDS...
BUT THERE'S ONLY
ONE WHO WILL
KILL OPHAL...

THERE IS
ONLY ONE
DEMIAN
HUNTER,
DEMON
KILLER!

YOU SAY YOUR
NAME AS THOUGH
YOU ARE A LEGEND...
AS IF I'M SUPPOSED
TO QUIVER AT
THE MENTION
OF IT!

SORRY, KID!
I NEVER
HEARD
OF HUNTER,
THE DEMON
KILLER!

8 MIN. 22 SEC.

NOW, IF
YOU'VE
COME TO
KILL ME...
DO IT!

YOU ARE ALREADY
DEAD, OPHAL! I'VE
ARMED A D-BOMB!

IN LESS THAN
TEN MINUTES, YOU
AND EVERY DEMON
ON THIS SIDE OF
THE WORLD WILL
BE DEAD!

7 MIN. 18 SEC.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS, PRINCESS! THERE'S NOT A MUTANT IN SIGHT!

LIKE THEY USED TO SAY... "WHEN YOU NEED A DEMON, YOU CAN NEVER FIND ONE!"

I HAVEN'T SEEN THAT MANY MUTANTS HERE, SCHRECK!

6 MIN. 14 SEC.

NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, NEITHER HAVE I!

MOST OF THOSE I HAVE SEEN WERE DEAD...

...YOU SNUCK UP ON THEM AND KILLED THEM!

STILL LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU GOT AWAY WITH IT FOR SO LONG!

5 MIN. 27 SEC.

CRACK!
CLICK!
CLOCK!

PRINCESS! YOU HEAR THAT? SOMETHING'S WALKING AROUND UP THERE!

STAY BEHIND ME!

I'M AN OLD MAN, SO I GET DIBBIES ON KILLING THE FIRST ONE!

4 MIN. 12 SEC.

I SMELL HUMAN!

DAMN! AND I THOUGHT I WASHED THE STINK AWAY!

KILL HIM, GRAAK!

3 MIN. 02 SEC.

AW, GRAAK... WHY'NCHA HUMOR AN OLD MAN... LET ME KILL YOU INSTEAD!

CROK!

2 MIN. 36 SEC.

THERE WOULD HAVE TO BE TWO OF YOU...

...AND ME WITH MY ONE ARROW!

PRINCESS... GIVE ME A HAND HERE, WILL YA!

2 MIN. 12 SEC.

GET MY ARROW OUTTA THAT DEAD DEMON...

...AND DO YOUR THING!

7 MIN. 47 SEC.

YOU **LIE**, DEMON-KILLER!
THE D-BOMB IS A **MYTH**!
IT WAS A **POY** USED TO
THREATEN US!

THE BOMB IS **REAL**, OFPHAL!
AND ONE IS ABOUT
TO **ERUPT** RIGHT
UNDER OUR
FEET!

THEN, YOU
AND YOUR
PRECIOUS
FRIENDS
WILL DIE
WITH ME,
HUNTER!

0 MIN. 58 SEC.

I HAVE
EVERY
INTENTION
OF DYING,
DEMON!

... BUT YOU WANT
TO KILL ME
PERSONALLY!

YOU'VE WAITED
FOR TOO LONG
FOR THIS, TO LET
A **MACHINE**
DO **YOUR** KILLING!

0 MIN. 14 SEC.

IF YOU WANT
ME, YOU'D
BETTER
HURRY...!

0 MIN. 9 SEC.

YOUR **BOMB**
SHOULD BE
GOING OFF...
RIGHT...

0 MIN. 04 SEC.

ABOUT...

0 MIN. 02 SEC.

NOW!

0 MIN. 0 SEC.

I... I
CAN'T...

TWO FIZZLES
EH, BOY? YOU
AND YOUR
DOOMSDAY
BOMB...!

... BOTH
INCAPABLE OF
PERFORMANCE!

... BOTH
BRED BY
HUMAN
TECHNOLOGY...

BUT **WHY**, BOY?
WHY COULDN'T YOU
KILL ME? BECAUSE
I AM **OLD**...
BECAUSE I AM
A **CRIPPLE**...?

...OR BECAUSE PETTY
SENTIMENTALITY
DICTATES THAT
YOU DO NOT KILL
YOUR **FATHER**!?

YOU'RE **WEAK**
HUNTER! AND
YOU'RE A
FOOL!

YOU WERE
READY TO
BLOW UP HALF
THIS PLANET,
TO **RID** IT OF
MUTANTS...!

...YOU **FOOL!**
MAN HAS BEEN
KILLING US OFF,
JUST AS HE NEARLY
KILLED HIMSELF
OFF!

THERE'S ONLY
THREE OF
US LEFT,
HUNTER!

YOU HEAR
THAT, YOU
FOOL? YOU
WOULD'VE
BLOWN UP
A PLANET
TO KILL
THREE
HALF-STARVED,
HALF-DEAD
MUTANTS!

CORRECTION,
OPPHAL...

... TO KILL
ONE
MUTANT!

YOU'RE
ALL THAT'S
LEFT!

IT LOOKS
LIKE MAN'S
WEAK
LIFESTYLE
IS GOING
TO WIN OUT
AFTER ALL
OPPHAL!

MANKIND
MAY
WIN...

... BUT
YOU
HUNTER...

I HAVE NO
PETTY QUALMS
ABOUT KILLING
MY OWN
SON!

WILL
NOT!

NO!

A CRY... AND A MURDEROUS,
VENGEFUL *SHAFT* ERUPT
FROM SCHRECK,
SIMULTANEOUSLY!

AAARG!!

NO!
D-DON'T DIE
LIKE THIS BOY!

Y-YOU CAN'T...

ME... THE
GIRL...
N-NEED
YOU!

HUNTER!

THEY CALLED HIM
HUNTER... THE
LAST LEGEND
TO SPRING
FROM THE LOINS
OF A DYING
EARTH...!

H-HE'S
GONE,
OLD MAN!
H-HE DIED...
LIKE A
DEMON...
PROUD...
SILENTLY!

BUT... HE...
WAS ALL...
MAN!

MY SON...
WAS A... MAN!

THEY SAY THE
SUN SHONE
BRIGHTER, AND
THE *BIRDS*
AGAIN SANG
THE DAY HE WAS
LAID TO REST!

WEAPONS WERE
PUT DOWN FOR
THE FINAL TIME...

... AND MANKIND
OPENED A *NEW*
CHAPTER IN HISTORY!

BUT TWO
HEARTS
HUNG
HEAVY...

... WITH
LOSS!

MONSTER CALLED VAMPIRELLA

DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER®
APRIL 11, 1975

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FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1975

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DAILY MIRROR
 NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER
 FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1975

U. S. No. 17

MORE DIE AS VAMPIRE GIRL CONTINUES TO ELUDE POLICE

NEW YORK (AP)—Yet another man met his death last night as the citywide manhunt continued for the suspected vampire-like murderer known only as Vampiella. The death was the second since the mysterious woman was found in New York on Sunday night, April 4, by police.

NEW YORK (AP)—Yet another man met his death last night as the citywide manhunt continued for the suspected vampire-like murderess known only as Vampirella. The death was the second since the mysterious girl arrived in New York on Sunday and was apprehended by police for questioning in a New Orleans massacre. She escaped police custody with the help of an outside accomplice Wednesday evening. New Orleans police are now hunting for the vampire.

The girl, wanted by New Orleans authorities for inquiry into the vampire-like slayings of six alleged underworld figures more than a year ago, was arrested at La Guardia airport earlier this week. With her traveling companion, Mordecai Pendragon, she was taken into custody by police Lieutenant Michael Smithworth and his partner. The two officers left the air-
port with the girl, whose name is unknown.

But as the two officers left the airport with their captives, an unknown unseen sniper, firing from the roof of the terminal building, shot and critically wounded both Pondergon and the Vampirella.

Rushed to New York Medical Center, Pendragon underwent immediate surgery for a serious head wound. Hospital officials listed his condition as critical. He is not expected to live, however, suffering

Vampirella, however, marked similar wound. "It is almost as though she had supernatural recuperative powers," noted Dr. Henry Altman, resident surgeon. Dr. Altman was able to give a reason for the girl's healing abilities.

An intensive search of the grounds brought no clue of the scientist, whereabouts, or motive. "We'll offer the arrest of V. . . ."

Shortly after the arrest of Vella and her magician companion, the subsequent singer shortage at airport Samsara, Conrad and Adele, old friends of the disband,

The old man went to see the doctor.



Shortly after the arrest of Vampirella and her magician companion, and the subsequent sniper shooting at the airport Sunday, Conrad and Adam Van Helsing, old friends of the disabled pair, arrived at the hospital.

"The old man went to see the magician, Pendragon," claimed L.A. Smithwright, "while I questioned his son about the wounded mystery girl. When I finished with him, the younger Van Helsing visited with the girl for a while, then signaled for me to come into the private room. There, he pulled out a gun and said, 'Listen, L.A. Smithwright, 'bound my mouth with tape, took my handcuffs, chaining me to the girl's metal bed.



He and the girl then silently slipped from the hospital, making good their escape."

But even as the young Van Helsing was helping the sedated and still seriously wounded girl escape from police custody, yet another figure was silently vending his way onto the hospital grounds, past police guards and into the private room of the magician.



Silently opening the door to the darkened room, the elder Van Helsing must have sensed the killer's presence, leaping from his chair too late. The assassin fired one shot from his .38 calibre special, hammering the professor back onto the critically wounded body of his longtime friend, Van Helsing, 67, was killed instantly.

A hospital orderly discovered both Van Helsing's body and the handcuffed police lieutenant, several hours after the two incidents. The gunman and the suspected murderer and her young companion had had plenty of time to flee the hospital grounds, losing themselves in the cold anonymity of New York.





Adam Van Helsing, 27, who was apprehended by police last night, continued the story from there.

"Vampiella was dazed and in extreme pain from her head wound when we escaped police custody at the hospital," Van Helsing noted in his statement to authorities. "Knowing that officers all over the city were looking for us, we spent the first night on a rat-infested deserted tugboat on the docks of the lower west side."

"We tried to lose ourselves among 42nd Street's huckers the next day, but Vampi kept slipping in and out of consciousness, apparently from a concussion caused by her wound," Van Helsing continued. "We checked into a run down hotel where the desk clerk was as wary of us as we were of him."

"I tried to minister to Vampi's injury, changing the bandage, keeping the wounds clean. But the girl was weak, drained from exhaustion and lack of nourishment."

"As I tended her, we both heard the news over a radio that had been softly playing in the background... the news of my father's death. I had seen a notice in the paper earlier that day. But I did not entirely believe it until now."



"My father, Conrad Van Helsing, had been shot and killed as he sat in the hospital, by the bedside of his longtime friend, Pendragon. A lone assassin snuck into the hospital and fired one shot, killing my father instantly!"

"I, like everyone else, did not know who the gunman was... nor why he had shot Vampi, Pendragon and my father. I had only a hunch as to who had hired him. A hunch I was angry and hurt enough to follow up, no matter what the risks."





"Sara Granville. Pendragon's daughter. She was behind my father's death. I knew it! Once married to the most powerful underworld figure in New Orleans. She had been in prison for more than a year since the death of her husband. But now she was free."

"I left Vampirella alone in the hotel room. She was too weak to come with me. I found the name Granville in the telephone directory. It gave the address of a plush east side apartment which was apparently maintained as the family's permanent New York residence."



"I couldn't simply walk into the building, past the doorman and into the girl's apartment," Van Helsing continued, "so I chose a slightly less conspicuous entrance... through the doors of a flat several buildings down the street, up to the roof, over, and onto the terrace that should have been the Granville apartment."



"It was. And Sara was within, speaking to her hired killer. The Raven. I could hear every word the two said. Laughing at what they had done. Bragging about how they had expertly planted evidence pointing to Vampirella as a murderer... how they had shot both Pendragon and Vampi, making them 'pay' for their part in the death of her husband, Richard... and how they had killed my father, so that Pendragon would know the agency Sara had to endure, of losing a loved one."



"Tears streamed from my eyes as I listened to their mirth-filled boasts. And then I saw. The Raven turned toward me. And for the first time, I could see his face!"

"It was the face of Paul Giraud... longtime friend and once one of my father's most brilliant students. I... I couldn't believe it was Paul... that he had turned killer," choked Van Helsing. "I felt anger rising from my throat, and I could feel my cold sweaty palms grip tightly around the pistol I had carried since coming to New York."



"See VAMPIRELLA #24 and #25 'Into the Inferno' and 'What Price Love!'"



"In a fit of rage, I smashed the terrace window. Glass streamed inward, taking both Sara and Paul by surprise. Tears streamed down my cheeks as I confronted them. As I confronted Paul, I had to know one thing. I had to find out WHY? Why had Paul turned killer?"



"Out of hate! came his answer. 'Hate for you and your father... and the way you left me to die on the island of Cote de Ve Soleil.' And out of love... love for this girl whom your vampirism has hurt so badly!"

"I was shocked. Speechless," Van Helsing continued in his statement to the police. "I didn't know what to do. Or say. My mind, reeling from hurt, could not even comprehend it all. And all I could see was the girl before me. Sara. Screaming. Laughing. Insanely laughing at my torment."

"And then she hurled a command to Paul... to Raven. To kill me. My longtime friend hesitated for a moment, then suddenly, doted for his pistol. And I knew..."



"...I had to KILL him or HE killed!"

"I fired six shots... emptying my pistol at him!"

"Then... I stood there, standing dumbly over my friend's body, watching his life's liquid ooze slowly onto the floor. I felt as if I were in a dream. A nightmare. As though none of this were real. But it was! And I, Adam Van Helsing, the eternal spineless wonder... was not a murderer."

"See VAMPIRELLA #15 'The Resurrection of Papa Voodoo!'"





"I saw more than felt Sara's rage at what I had done. She was standing before me...pounding me. Screaming at me. Venting her hatred in the only way she knew how. And then, her rage spent, she collapsed in tears. But I could feel no pity for her. For anyone...except myself."

She explained it all to me then. In those brief moments before the police burst into the apartment. She explained how she had hated her father...Pendragon...for years, never knowing him. Never seeing him. How he never came home after the second World War, deserting her and her mother. Over the years that hatred grew, until it became the uncontrollable guiding force in her life. Then, one day, her husband, the notorious underworld czar, Richard Granville, took both her father and Vampiella captive, to torture the old man...to make him pay for the suffering he had caused Sara and her mother. Granville injected Vampiella with drugs. And in a stupor, drug-induced, she killed Granville and five of his men.

The New Orleans police ruled it self-defense at the time, and dismissed the case. But now Sara had planted new evidence...evidence which made Vampiella look like a hideous blood-drinking monster.

But somehow, none of that seemed important now. To Sara nor to myself. All that mattered was that Paul was dead. And I had killed him.

"As the police took us away, Sara's final words to me were not of hate...but of love. She too had loved Paul Girard as he had loved her. She used him for her own vengeance-filled motives. But behind it all was as deep a love as she had given her husband. And once again, it was because of Sara's hatred for her father that that love had ended in bloodshed."





RIGHT THIS WAY, PUNK!

Van Helsing, who was taken to the city's sixth precinct, was charged with manslaughter and aiding and abetting a fugitive. He has been bound over for trial at district court and will remain in police custody until that hearing.

Further questioning of Van Helsing proved fruitless. He would not disclose the whereabouts of the mysterious girl known only as Vampirella. Nor would he disclose the name of the hotel where he allegedly left her.



SMITH WRIGHT WANTED TO SEE THIS ONE ALONE, CHIEF!



ALL RIGHT, VAN HESLING... I CHECKED OUT YOUR STORY...

...THE ONE YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THE GIRL COMING FROM ANOTHER PLANET!

AND Y'KNOW SOMETHIN', BOY... IT COULD JUST BE TRUE!

When questioned, police also refused to comment on their knowledge of the girl. Nor was there any speculation as to the origin of the purported vampiress and how she came to have her reported taste for human blood.

Authorities' refusal to comment on the girl can only raise questions as to what they actually know about her. Are police covering up to avoid more hysteria in the streets of New York? If so what exactly are they hiding from the public? The knowledge that a man who gorges herself on blood is loose in the city? Is the girl truly a vampire-like killer similar to those found in ancient European legends? Or is she, as speculators suggest, a visitor from a far-distant planet, come to Earth as a scout for an advanced force of blood-drinking aliens?



THE BIG WIGS AT NASA WERE OBVIOUSLY RELUCTANT TO TELL ME ABOUT THAT SUPPOSED SECRET LAUNCH OF THEIR BACK IN '69.



BUT AFTER I TOLD THEM WHAT YOU HAD TOLD ME, THEY ADMITTED THERE WAS SUCH A FLIGHT.

AND NOW THEY'RE UP IN NEW ENGLAND LOOKING FOR THEIR LOST SPACESHIP!

Any theories ventured concerning the blood-sucking girl can only be as amazingly unbelievable as she herself seems to be. And while police continue to search the city for her, they steadfastly deny any knowledge of her origin. She seems to have appeared from nowhere... only to have gone back there, into permanent hiding.



SO MAYBE YOUR GIRL FRIEND IS AN EXTRATERRESTRIAL JUST AS YOU CLAIMED!

I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I BELIEVE YOUR STORY, BUT NO ONE ELSE IS GOING TO. SO I SUGGEST WE KEEP IT BETWEEN US!



TWO BODIES DISCOVERED ON SKID ROW

NEW YORK (AP) The bodies of Rudolph "Slasher" Franks, 24, and Barry Flitzgerald Bowman, 28, were found in the Ritz Hotel this morning, on New York's lower West side.

The cause of each man's death could only be determined as severe loss of blood.

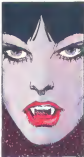
Franks and Bowman, two known second story men, specialized in mugging unsavory victims in sleazy Bowery hotels. Their usual practice was to obtain a pass key and surprise the hotel's sleeping guests, assaulting the victim and taking anything of value.

Apparently, Franks and Bowman were themselves surprised last night after entering the room on the third floor of the Ritz.

When asked to speculate as to the cause of the men's severe blood loss, the city coroner had only a "no comment."

Could the thieves have encountered the mysterious vampire girl police have been searching for since Wednesday night? If so, where has she disappeared to? These and other answers to the police's questions lie only with the strange girl known as Vampirella. And she seems to have disappeared in the proverbial puff of smoke.

Will she emerge to kill again?



AURALEON! CORBEN! CRANDALL! MAS! NEARY! SANCHEZ! ZESAR! THE COMIX INTERNATIONAL No. 4 ARTISTS...

Auraleon has been thrilling and chilling Warren readers since 1971, when his first story appeared in CREEPY #42, but he has been enthusiastically acclaimed by European comics fans for seventeen of his forty years. His imaginative use of line and tone... his whimsical and often horrifying characterizations... his adept story-telling techniques give the bachelor-artist's work a solid appeal to a multitudinous audience, beguiled by the spell of his gritty and often distorted realism. Auraleon's work is excellent!



Corben is a gentle, affable man who spends most of his time at his drawing board. His quiet exterior hides a dynamic soul of incredible talent and perseverance. His work has successfully survived its transition from major "underground" art to mainstream comics... and has arrived integrity intact. He is an artist of mixed media and incredible facility. His stunning ability to distort realism and thereby create a more believable reality, has resulted in some of the most dramatic stories to appear in Warren magazines.

Robert Crandall has worked for most of the top names in comics. He achieved recognition for his art on Quality Comics "Blackhawk" series and his many fine contributions to EC. He was a major artist in the early years of Warren Publishing's magazines, creating some of their most moody and dramatic tales. His accomplished use of fine-line shading gave these stories an almost gothic quality. The feeling of studied realism he created gave his horror stories believability. They were both frightening and memorable!



Mas comes from the beautiful city of Barcelona, Spain. He is married and has two lovely daughters. While Mas was only in his early twenties he began his work in the graphic media, producing comics for Spain and eventually for America through Warren Publications. His unusual style uses many cinematic techniques. Each panel is carefully constructed... and he sets up his scene like a movie director. Props, background, lighting are all considered and blended to form a perfect picture. He is now living in Venezuela.

Neary tells us: "I enjoy working among people who turn in their best work (for comics)." It is a practice that our British cousin also follows concerning his own art. Born on December 1949 in Bournemouth, England, this striking, young artist attributes his earliest influences to the drawings of Carmine Infantino and Al Williamson. His strong sense of design coupled with an affinity for science-fiction does pinpoint Neary's prime inspirations but he stands in a class all his own. For dramatic mood his distinct style is unequalled.



Zesar was introduced to comic illustration by his cousins, Jose and Leopold Ortiz, and at fourteen was working as an assistant to Carthaginian artist, Gines Garcia. While working for his college degree, he spent long hours in the studio's of his cousins and other Spanish artists and from 1966 to 1971, while studying at the Art School San Carlos in Valencia, began finding a market for his work in Great Britain and France. The twenty-eight years-old artist describes his style as "constructive, cold, dry and loose in drawing!"

Sanchez, born in Valencia in 1938, has been working in comics for sixteen years, but has been working professionally as an illustrator for much longer. He began his professional career at thirteen years of age in a publicity studio, and his work still has much of the flavor derived from this early training. His characters are fashionable. His heroes square jawed. His women beautiful. His settings meticulously suggested. His wife and two children are of course delighted with his fine renderings, as are we, his international audience!



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WARREN'S TRIPLE-THREAT TRIO!